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Choice Poetry.

WHERE DWELL THE DEAD?

FROM DICKENS'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Where do they dwell? 'Neath grassy mounds, by daisies,
Lilies, and yellow-cups of faintest gold;
Near grey-grown walls, where, in wild, autumn mazes,
Old clustering ivy wreathes in many a fold:
Where in red summer noons
Fresh leaves are rustling,
Where 'neath large autumn moons
Young birds are nestling—
Do they dwell there?

Where do they dwell? In sullen waters, lying
On beds of purple sea-flowers newly sprung;
Where the mad whirlpool's wind and ceaseless sighing,
Past sloping banks by dark green reeds o'erhung;
Where, by the torrent's swell,
Crystal stones glitter,
While sounds the heavy bell
Over the river—
Do they dwell there?

No: for in these they slumber to decay,
And their remembrance with their life departs;
They have a home—nor dark, nor far away—
Their proper home—within our faithful hearts.
There happy spirits wed,
Loving forever;
There dwell with us, the dead,
Parting—ah, never—
There do they dwell!

THE SOUL'S MARRIAGE.

Two hearts in one pulse beating,
Warm, passionate and free,
Two souls in one thought meeting,
For all eternity—
This, this is true love's essence,
Not less can true love be;
Rebuked from her pure presence
Unholy things must flee.

No blaze of earthly splendor,
Nor din of worldly fame
Can bid two hearts surrender
This Heaven-lit lambent flame;
Nor dull care for the morrow,
Nor dread what lies beyond,
Nor sternest present sorrow
Can part that perfect bond.

Nor death himself can sever
That marriage of the soul,
For true love lives forever—
He owns not death's control;
From earthly pain ascending
A star-crowned martyr he!
Still onward, upward tending—
His home—eternity.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE RUPTURED TIE.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain.

What ruin a single spark of fire may spread, if carelessly or designedly dropped amid combustible or inflammable material.

What desolation a single word may cause, if thoughtlessly or intentionally let fall into a passionate, impetuous heart.

The three scenes I am about to describe, took place very nearly as they are related.

But first a few words of explanation.

I feel that I have scarcely done justice to the character of Carolyn Clifton, in presenting her only by that cold and frosty crust of pride, which was but the superficial covering of a high-spirited, honorable nature. Her manners were cold and haughty—almost scornful and arrogant—it is but too true. And most people, her family included, supposed her to be destitute of sensibility. Perhaps she was lacking in warmth of affection for her immediate domestic circle. Her whole heart, with all its deep, profound, untold, unguessed devotion, was given to Archer Clifton. And while secretly bestowing upon him her entire, undivided love—she openly exacted a full, unshared return—an exclusive worship.

In truth, in her proud, secret heart, she was a little jealous of Clifton's affection for his mother! *She* did not love her *father* so devotedly!—why should *Clifton* worship his *mother* so? To this jealousy she had never given breath, of course—indeed, to her own passionate love, she had never yet given word—preferring, in her high toned, maiden pride, to leave it to be inferred. She had never even *looked* her jealousy, yet Mrs. Clifton, with the fine instinct of a woman and a mother, guessed it, and in her presence, skillfully eluded all demonstrations of affection from her son. And so well was the proud, exacting spirit of Miss Clifton known in her own family, that even the sprightly and mischievous outlaw, Zuleime, dared take no childish liberty with her sister's betrothed. Thus it happened that Frank Fairfax's unlucky jest had deeply offended the arrogant lady, the more especially as in that day, and in that neighborhood, the term, "mountain-girl," was too often the mildest name for an evil woman.—This fact, of course, Frank was not acquainted with. And, therefore it was, that he could not understand Carl Kavanagh's excessive anxiety to send his young sister off the mountain; and could not in the least comprehend the intense indignation of Miss Clifton, and the difficulty Archer Clifton had in restoring her good humor. Even now, Carolyn Clifton had not forgotten the circumstance. And truth to tell, she was not well pleased at the continued interest displayed by Captain Clifton for his protegé, in bringing her and her family upon his mother's plantation. But she was too proud again to allude to the subject. Carolyn Clifton had never known a care or a contradiction in her life. Her heart was a sound, strong, high, proud thing, and therefore, very like to break itself without fear, full tilt against the first impediment that opposed it. She was, besides, like all women of her fair complexion and fine tempered nerves—"a discerner of spirits." And this quick, delicate, and sure perception never failed her, except when she was agitated and blinded by inward passion. Thus, perhaps, quite unconsciously, she read the heart of her betrothed—and knew it better than he did himself—and thus, perhaps, involuntarily, she afterwards acted on that knowledge.

At all events, there was quite enough combustible material on hand for a single spark to ignite it and spread a conflagration.

And the spark—and many sparks were not wanting. A thoughtless jest of Frank's—a slight word dropped by Georgia at exactly the right, or rather the *wrong* time and place—and the whole neighborhood of R—— County were agog with gossip. And Captain Clifton and his protégé, were the subjects. Some, right in the face of his well-known engagement to Miss Clifton, did not hesitate to say that she, his protégé, was a beautiful girl, whom he intended to educate and marry, and that his republican mother was highly in favor of the plan. Others told how tastefully the overseer's house had been furnished and adorned, and—without the slightest foundation in truth—how many hours a day Captain Clifton now spent with his interesting pupil. The suspicious and malignant circulated a still darker tale, and wondered how long it would last, and how it would all end. And then they denounced Captain Clifton, blamed his mother, and pitied Miss Clifton! And all this time, while the whole county was ringing with various and contradictory reports, the persons most concerned knew nothing about it.

Until the day before the wedding, it was suddenly brought to the knowledge of both parties, in the following manner:—

The company assembled at Clifton, consisting of old Mr. Clifton's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. Cabell, of Richmond, with their three daughters and son, Frank Fairfax, Zuleime, and Captain Clifton, had gone over to dine by previous engagement with Mrs. Clifton, of Hardbargain. Carolyn Clifton had been compelled, by a slight headache, to remain at home. And Georgia had chosen to stay to keep her company. The two ladies sat in the dressing-room of Miss Clifton. Carolyn was silent and abstracted, yet her countenance betrayed more of inward joy than she suspected. A great contrast was her *fair*, placid face, to that of Georgia, dark, and traversed by spasms of pain-like clouds hurling past a stormy sky. But if Carolyn lifted her fair lashes a moment, instantly that dark face cleared, ere its expression could be detected. At length she ventured, in a sweet tone, to say,

"Carolyn, my dear, to-morrow is your wedding day. And—but—there is something which you ought to know beforehand, and which for weeks past I have been trying to gain courage to tell you."

"Well, madam?" asked Mrs. Clifton, slowly lifting her snowy lids.

"I should—that is, I *might* expose myself to the resentment of all your family by telling you."

"Then you had best not tell me, madam."

"And yet you ought to be informed, and must. *I* should never forgive a friend for keeping such a secret from me."

A vague fear and tremor seized upon Carolyn Clifton, and kept her silent. The dark lady went on—

"I think the honor, the happiness, even the tranquillity of your married life, depends upon your previous knowledge of this circumstance."

"Madam—the honor, happiness, and tranquillity of my married life pass into the keeping of my husband, Captain Clifton, and in him I have the utmost confidence," remarked Carolyn, coldly and proudly, though, alas!—not *truly*.

"Heaven forbid that I should unnecessarily mar that confidence! But, my love, you will be sure to hear it, when too late, and from less friendly lips than mine!"

"Will it please you, then, madam, to speak out frankly and honestly, and let us know what it is," said Carolyn, scornfully, at the same time that her heart was rising with emotion.

"Is it possible you do not guess?"

"I do not take the trouble to do so, Mrs. Clifton."

"Ah! you have always treated me with scorn and hauteur, Miss Clifton. Yet that, alas, does not relieve me of the painful duty of putting you on your guard. In a word, then, do you understand the nature of the relations subsisting between Captain Clifton and the sister of his mother's overseer?"

The brow of Carolyn Clifton flushed crimson—but she answered, coldly—

"Madam, I believe that young person has been the object of Captain Clifton's benevolence."

"Ah! I believe so too! His benevolence is certainly indisputable, and his honor *should* be above suspicion!" exclaimed Georgia, fervently.

"Madam—*it is!*" coldly replied Miss Clifton.

"Yes—and yet, Carolyn, my love, a poor and beautiful young maiden cannot continue to be the recipient of a handsome young officer's beneficence with credit to herself, honor to him, or *peace* or safety to his wife!"

"Is she so very beautiful?" was the question surprised from the haughty girl.

"Passing beautiful, I think, Carolyn, and this it is that makes the country gentlemen jest so about the matter. *They* give a far different motive than *benevolence* to the kindness of Captain Clifton to his lovely charge. *I* know that they do him gross injustice! But this thing should not go on. It is a dangerous relation—dangerous to Archer's own fidelity, dangerous to your peace, and most dangerous of all, to the poor girl's reputation. I advise you to speak to Archer. I would do so myself, but it is too delicate a matter for me to speak to a young gentleman about. Now in these palmy days of courtship, he may listen to you as he never would, perhaps, afterwards, and you will be able to prevail with him to send this dangerous young beauty, his protegé, away. Yes! and you may tell Archer that *I* advise this, for the good of all parties. Tell him that the whole neighborhood is ringing with gossip that may become slander. Tell him that I say the parties most concerned in this rumor, or in any rumor, will be ever the last to hear it. Tell him that I, his friend, Georgia, venture to do him this service, informing him through you. Let there be no concealments. Let all be open candor. I did feel afraid, when I began to tell you this—but now it is out, I feel relieved—I have more courage."

"Madam!" said Carolyn, more haughtily than before—"Captain Clifton is quite capable of directing his own conduct! And if he were *not*, I should never resign to him the future control of mine! And, furthermore, madam!" she added, sarcastically, "I too highly honor the man about to become my husband—I have too much self-respect and delicacy, to inquire into the nature of Captain Clifton's individual and private amusements, whether they relate to hounds, horses, or beggar girls! I leave such investigations to—*the daughter of the sign-painter!*" and with an air of the greatest possible scorn and arrogance she arose, and left the room. Yet under that proud, disdainful bearing, a thousand scorpions, of doubt and jealousy, maddened her soul. She went at once into her own room, and having locked the door, that no rash intruder should look upon her weakness, gave herself up to the anguish of her emotions—now pacing up and down the floor, wringing her hands in distraction—now throwing herself, face downward, upon the bed, in despair. And yet she had no confidence in Mrs. Clifton's honesty of purpose either.

—

In the meantime, the party assembled at Hardbargain were enjoying themselves and the hospitalities of their hostess, to the fullest extent.

The late dinner was over; the ladies were lounging about in arm-chairs, or on sofas, in the breezy parlor—dozing, reading, or chatting in low tones, all serenely enjoying that pleasant feeling of home freedom and repose, into which Mrs. Clifton ever charmed her guests.

The gentlemen had left their wine, and in parties of two and three were strolling about the shady yard, or out through the fields and orchards, to cool their heads, previous to joining the ladies at the tea-table.

Archer Clifton, with his cousin, Major Charles Cabell, and Frank *Fairfax*, took the wooded path leading down the South side of the ridge to a fine spring in the hollow. They came to a log cabin, half hidden by surrounding and overhanging elms—and literally covered with climbing and creeping vines. Before the door sat a girl, spinning on a little wheel, who, at the first glimpse of strangers, instantly arose, and taking up her wheel, retired into the house. Captain Clifton left his companions, and going up to the door, called, saying—

"Catherine, my good girl, bring me a gourd here."

Kate Kavanagh came, and with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her face suffused with a deep blush, handed the required article, and instantly disappeared within.

"By all the angels, what a fine face!" exclaimed Major Cabell, gazing after her.

Archer Clifton shot a quick, piercing glance at the speaker, who, meeting it full as he turned, laughed, exclaiming, as if a new discovery had been made,

"Oh! Aye! Soh! you are *there*, are you? So, then, this is the mountain-beauty, the hidden treasure of Archer Clifton, that has set all the country ladies agog with scandal, and all the country gentlemen mad with envy?"

The hot blood rushed to Clifton's brow.

"Oh! now, don't be jealous! Don't be alarmed! Your treasure is safe from me—though, by all the queens of chivalry, here is a noble face—a face to bleed and die for! None of your pretty lily and rose baby beauties that may be seen by hundreds anywhere—but a noble girl fit for a monarch's love and counsellor!"

In an instant Archer Clifton strode up and stood with bended brow and folded arms before him; and said, in the low, deep, stern tone of concentrated passion,

"You are my relative, friend, guest! Your three-fold claim upon my forbearance should protect you from any resentment for words spoken against *my* honor. But, I charge you, retract your words! And if you harbor one single suspicion against that young girl, you are a villain! S'death, sir! Has the world come to such a pass, and is the honor of Archer Clifton of so little worth that he cannot protect a poor young maiden without injury to her? By Heaven! be warned! For if you do but breathe one breath to dim the lustre of that girl's good name—by the good Lord that made us good, and the demon that turned us to evil! relative, friend and guest as you are, I will slay and drag you to her feet to die!"

So sudden, so mighty—so appalling was this burst of passion, that for a moment after it was over, Cabell and Fairfax stood as if transfixed with astonishment. Then Cabell, in the frankest way in the world, held out his hand, exclaiming,

"I like that! D—d if I don't! Come, Clifton—I was wrong, forgive me! give me your hand! By my soul, I like a man that will stand up for—there! by all that's fatal, I had liked to have tripped again!"

"Understand me, sir," said Archer Clifton, sternly. "You know me to be on the eve of marriage with our cousin. She is my liege lady, and never for one instant in thought, word or deed, has my allegiance swerved from her service. And more, gentlemen, both! A single word touching the fair fame of *her*—of Catherine, I mean—touches me *home*."

They were here overtaken by two or three other gentlemen, and the conversation took another and less perilous turn, as they wandered down towards the mineral spring. After slaking their thirst, the party divided. Major Cabell joined the three latest comers, and Clifton and Fairfax turned towards the farm-house.

"You seem to be moody this evening, Archer," said Frank, after they had pursued their way for some time in silence.

"Yes—that foolish jest of Cabell's has annoyed me. It is villainous! It is diabolical! Such light words, in which a young girl's fair fame is laughed and jested away, may be thoughtless, but they should be punished with death!"

"That's a harsh sentence!"

"A *just* one!"

"You feel this bitterly!"

"I do. For *her* name has been used! Frank! you believe that if a word of disrespect were to be breathed by any man against my mother, I would lay that man dead at my feet without an instant's grace?"

"Yes! I thoroughly believe that you would send such an one to his last account in a great hurry."

"And if any one were but to *look* an insult to Catherine, it would rouse all the ferocity of the demon in me to overthrow and trample him to death!"

"'All this I steadfastly believe,' as the catechism says about total depravity!"

"And, Frank! you, yourself have sometimes spoken flippantly of my regard for that girl—never so insultingly as Cabell did just now, else you would not now possess my esteem and friendship—but you have *trifled* with the subject. Now understand, Frank, that I shall consider it a deep personal affront in future if you repeat it!"

"You haven't heard me joke to you about Kate for a long time."

"No—I certainly have not."

"No—for be hanged if the matter is not getting far too *serious* for jesting!"

"What do you mean?"

"Archer! Have you never heard it said that those whom it concerns *first* to be made acquainted with an injurious report are usually the *last* to hear it, and when they are *innocent*, they are the more exposed for *being* innocent, because they never *suspect* the slander, and never *guard* against it?"

"In Heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"*This.* Cabell's jest was but the echo of the whole county talk. I have been asked, I suppose, twenty times, by twenty different young men, to tell them all about our adventure upon the mountain."

"That was because *you* first of all represented it as an adventure."

"I confess it! In shame and confusion I confess it—but then many times I am also asked what is the precise nature of the relations subsisting between yourself and this girl?"

"No, no!"

"Yes, I tell you!"

"No! no one dares to question that!"

"But they *do*, I tell you! Aye, and *answer* their own questions in a manner that reflects very little honor upon the parties!"

"Would God I had never seen the girl!—Would God I had never brought her here! I would give my right hand rather than evil should befall her! But who is it that dares slander her? Tell me! Give me some name! Let me have some one to make an example of!"

"Nay, Clifton! you can't make an example of women and children!" said Frank, evasively.

"By Heaven, sir, they have husbands and fathers, who shall be held accountable for the license of tongue they allow their wives and daughters!"

"Nay, now, Archer! This is a mere matter of gossip, that will die out, if you are discreet!"

"To dare to talk of *her!* They never looked upon her face! Else they never could associate the thought of evil with that noble brow, those thoughtful eyes, and serious lips! to slander *her!*"

"Nay, nay—it is *not* slander; only what I am afraid should *become* such. It is only fun—joke—"

"To dare to joke of *her!*"

"'*Her!*' Verily, Clifton, any one to hear you breath '*her!*' with your full soul's volume poured into the little word—would think there was but one '*her*' in the world! Archy, you take a very strange interest in that girl. Are you sure that you are not in love with her?"

Our Picture Gallery.

GOLDEN ISLAND, CHINA.

Kin Shaw, or Golden Island, is said to be one of the most picturesque and beautiful places in the Chinese Empire. One of its principal ornaments is a splendid pagoda, rising to a great height, and decorated with innumerable bells chiming with every breeze, and lanterns, which at night produce a brilliant and beautiful illumination. Numerous junks upon the water add to the beauty of the scene.

"In love with her! Nonsense—she is a child!"

"Well, then, are you sure you should not be in love with her, if she were a woman?"

"Ridiculous! She is a low-born girl!"

"Oh! I forgot! I beg pardon! You demonstrated that to me before."

"And, besides, sir, please to remember that all my love and faith are due to my cousin, Miss Clifton; and that *she* has my whole heart! I love, admire, honor, my beautiful betrothed bride—nor for her proud sake will I brook that any one should think it possible that I could even in thought fail in full loyalty to my liege lady! But, Frank! my soul's dear brother! as I tell you everything, I will tell you this! that I feel the very deepest interest in Catherine's welfare! If you ask me *why*—I tell you I do not know! It surprises and confounds myself! But from the first moment I looked upon her noble *face*, I felt that interest stir within my deepest soul. And it has never since ceased!"

"I swear you are enamored of her!"

"Preposterous, Frank! you make me angry! It is a very different thing from being enamored of her, let me tell you! There is my beautiful, but cold and scornful bride, up at Clifton! Well, I am the most patient of all adoring slaves! I wait upon her sovereign eyes all day long! I am proud to submit to her whims—to do her lightest bidding, and pick up her lap-dog—or to obey her severest command, and exile myself from her gracious presence all day long! But now observe the difference! I feel a deep, strong, strange interest in Kate. I cannot account for it. I feel a sort of unratified right of property in her. I wish to do her good. But I wish that all the good she may ever possess in the world, may come *from* only me! and that for all good things with which I cannot supply her, she may *suffer* the want rather than owe their possession to another! Very like *love*, is it not? But I wish to control her destiny! I wish to have her in my power!—*in all honor, however!* It galls me to think that I have no right of authority or guardianship over her! I ardently desire such a right! I long to have the disposal of her person and fate! I crave with a frantic craving, to have more than a father's—more than a husband's—more than a master's right over her! I would to God she were born mine—my own—body, soul and spirit! My own to use or abuse—to crown or kill, as I listed!" exclaimed Clifton, passionately, while his cheeks and very lips were white and dry, and his eyes burned with a fierce, consuming, inward fire. And forgetting all things real, he felt as in a vision, a girl's spirit swoop down upon his bosom, and a dream voice murmur in his ear—"Oh! if it will give you one instant's joy to press me strongly to your heart—crush me to death in the fold, and my soul will exhale in rapture to Heaven." The fervid vision came and passed like lightning, and Clifton roused himself from reverie, with a smile and a sneer, saying—"Very like love, all that! is it not?"

But as Frank did not reply, and as they had now arrived at the gate leading into the yard, the conversation ceased.

The early tea-table was set out under the shade of the great oaks, and the ladies were walking about, taking the evening air in the yard. As supper was only waiting the arrival of Captain Clifton and Mr. *Fairfax*, it was now speedily served.

After tea was over, the carriages were all brought round, and the company took leave of Mrs. Clifton, and departed.

Captain Clifton and Mr. Fairfax were the last to leave. They mounted their horses and took the bridle-path down the mountain-side. This separated them from the rest of their party, who went by the road. They did not, however, converse. Frank was thoughtful, and Clifton himself buried in a deep reverie.

It was quite early when they arrived at White Cliffs; and the remainder of the party had not yet arrived. Mr. Fairfax joined Mrs. Clifton in the garden, and Archer Clifton sought his lady-love, where he was informed he would find her, namely, in the Summer saloon. He threw down his hat and entered hurriedly, intending to surprise from her a hasty kiss. Carolyn was standing looking out of the window upon the rich sunset scene—the last sun that would set upon her maiden life, perhaps, she thought. On seeing Clifton she moved away, and retreated to the work-table at which she seated herself. Clifton approached, and with an air of gallantry, half serious, half playful, kneeled upon one knee and kissed her hand. She drew it coldly away—but that was the custom of the "proud ladie," and did not surprise her lover. He arose and drew a chair to her side and seated himself, and began to affect an interest in her little lady-like occupations. Her right hand rested upon a pile of beautifully fine linen cambric handkerchiefs—an item in the imported trousseau. He laid his hand upon hers, and asked her some trivial question about them.

Now, Carolyn, after a day's extreme suffering, had almost gained a victory over her passion. Her haughtiness had almost saved her. Not to one soul in that house—not to Georgia, had she betrayed the least sign of the cruel suspicion that had nearly maddened her brain. Not for all of Clifton—not for all of the world, would she have betrayed her passion to her lover—or condescended to admit that she could be jealous of him; for she felt that once to accuse him would be to impose upon her the necessity of breaking with him. How could she, in honor, marry a man to-morrow whom to-day she had accused of treachery?—besides, she was not sure—could never be sure of his moral dereliction. And while there was a doubt in his favor, she must conquer or conceal all suspicion, or, letting it escape, must break with him, even at this last moment—must break with him forever! At least so her high spirit and her pride argued. She could not part with him—pride forbade that also.—What! the marriage of Miss Clifton of Clifton broken off at the last moment, and all about a mountain-girl? Pah! Forbid it, all the shades of all the buried Cliftons! Hearts might break, but haughty heads must not be bowed! Better lost peace than lost place! And then she loved him!—loved him the deeper for suppressing all signs of love!—and she could not bear to lose him! And banish him she must, if she should once betray the jealous passion of her heart.—This mighty motive kept down the rising storm. Yet all depended upon her vigilant self-control. Should a look, a word of suspicion, escape her then, she felt the curbed frenzy of her soul would have broken all bounds; even as by the smallest fracture in the dyke, the mighty and irresistible sea is let in upon the land, carrying destruction and death before it! All depended on her silence. So, to keep her lover from noticing her mood,—or fatally inquiring its cause—and to give him employment, she pushed the pile of handkerchiefs towards him, saying, calmly,

"Mark them for me."

Clifton smilingly took them, found the little vial of indelible ink, and went to work—himself well pleased to have some service to perform for his liege lady, that would, without disrespect to *her*, deliver *him* from the duty of keeping up a running conversation, for which he felt indisposed.

She need not have feared that Archer Clifton would observe her mood. He himself was too abstracted, too thoughtful, to be critical or inquisitive. He was deeply troubled by the recollection of the conversations of the afternoon, affecting Kate Kavanagh. Instead of benefiting, had he really wronged that excellent girl?—darkened the very morning of her just opening life with the clouds of suspicion? And was even his mother's protection insufficient to shield her innocence from such attacks of slander? Yes!—for the *fact* of his mother's protection was not even acknowledged. Slander shuts its eyes to truth, while it opens its lips to falsehood. Should he send her back to the mountain, and expose her to all the evils of that life? No, no!—his whole heart protested against that course. Yet what to do to save her? He could not decide then. He could not even get his own consent to consult his mother. What! wound *her* ear with the repetition of such a story? Never! His usual promptitude of decision and action forsook him quite. A cry was in his heart, and he could only repeat to himself her *name* in deep sorrow,—"Oh, Kate! Kate! Kate Kavanagh!" until her very name "*Kate Kavanagh*" became the refrain of a plaintive *silent* melody! Meantime he pursued his occupation quite mechanically, marking and laying down, one by one, the handkerchiefs, until the whole dozen was complete.

Carolyn Clifton watched his complete and mournful abstraction with increasing suspicion.

When all the handkerchiefs were marked, he took the parcel, and shaking off sad thought, smilingly laid them before his lady's eyes, gaily entreating her to examine his work, and reward him with a kindly word if it should please her.

Miss Clifton took up the parcel, her eyes fell upon the topmost handkerchief, and she started violently. She swiftly turned it over and looked at the second, and the blood rushed to her brow! At the third, and it receded again, leaving her pale as death! She hurriedly went through the dozen, then springing to her feet, she hurled the parcel to the floor, and setting her heel upon it, lifted her proud form to its loftiest height, and stood, her chest expanded, her head thrown back, her cheek kindling, her eyes blazing,—full! full!—yet proudly suppressing all utterance of passion! Captain Clifton started to his feet, exclaiming,

"Carolyn, my dear cousin!"

But spurning the parcel beneath her heel, she turned imperiously away, and walked up the room.

He followed her, repeating,

"Carolyn, my dearest Carolyn! what is it?"

Turning and flashing upon him her fierce, imperious eyes, she stretched out her arm, and pointed in scornful silence to the handkerchiefs on the floor.

He went and picked them up to examine them. Oh! treacherous absence of mind! Oh! fatal refrain of the mental melody! Oh! horror of horrors! Catastrophe of catastrophes! Upon every handkerchief was beautifully marked—"KATE KAVANAGH."

"Confirmation strong
As proof from Holy Writ."

Aye, and a great deal stronger, as sight is more convincing than faith! What was to be done? It was in vain to deny or attempt to explain it! Yet he must try, even if he should make himself ridiculous. Hurling the fatal "handkerchiefs" down with virulence, he sprang to the side of the outraged and indignant beauty, seized her hand, exclaiming, vehemently—

"My dearest love—pardon! pardon! This is all a mistake!"

Spurning his clasp from her hand, she turned away in arrogant silence.

Dropping upon one knee, he took her hand again, and looking up in her face, said, in a voice of entreaty—

"My Carolyn! this is all a mistake!—the most absurd mistake! The effect of the merest absence of mind! The most ridiculous thing!"

"Oh, *sir!*" she answered, with slow and withering scorn, drawing her hand away again, "I do not doubt it was a mistake. I never supposed you would dare an intentional insult to my father's daughter!"

"But, Carolyn, my dearest cousin, only permit me to explain—"

"Oh, sir, I *entreat* you spare me the humiliation of hearing the story!" she sneered, with curling lip.

"But, Carolyn, my dear, loved bride! My bride, that will be, to-morrow—if you will allow me to tell you all the simple truth—the *reason* why this young girl's name ran in my head so."

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, raising both hands, and turning away her head in loathing—"I *implore* you!—I most *humbly beseech* you to forbear! Spare me *details* that might shock my—delicacy!"

"Carolyn," he said, gravely and reproachfully rising, and taking her hand—"this does not become you."

Throwing off his hand, with scorn and indignation, she replied—

"It would less become me, sir, to listen to the history you would tell!" Then subsiding into a mood of contemptuous irony, she said, with a sneering smile—"Believe me, sir, I feel more disgusted at your bad taste than shocked at your sin, or wronged by your bad faith.—*A mountain-girl!* Truly, I am humiliated to think so base a rival should have moved me—even to contempt. I am dishonored, sir, in that. Had your wandering fancy fixed upon one of my cousins—one of the elegant Misses Cabell, I might have mourned your infidelity, but should have been saved this deep humiliation for myself, and this utter contempt for you—but *a mountain-girl!* A coarse, ignorant, ill-bred mountain-girl! *Oh-á-á!* that you should have stooped, or I should have been moved, by so low a creature as that! I could bury my head with shame!"

"Carolyn!" he said, sternly, "permit me to inform you—"

"No, sir!" she exclaimed, scorn writhing her lips, indignation flashing from her eyes—"No, sir! You shall tell me *nothing!* It would ill-become my mother's daughter to listen to the revolting history of—your base amour with the mountain-girl!"

Yes, in the bitterness of her passion, she forgot her maiden delicacy, and spoke those shameful words to his astonished ears!

"Miss Clifton!" he replied, severely, folding his arms, and gazing sternly and steadily into her blushing face—for she was already blushing for her temerity—until she quailed before him—"Miss Clifton, you mistake my purpose—I have no intention, *now*, to explain anything—the man who would condescend to *deny* so base a crime as you have charged upon *me*—is not too high or pure to commit it. Therefore I deign to say nothing *for* myself. But for the admirable girl that you have slandered—I will say *this*:—Had a *man* dared to asperse the fair fame of Catherine Kavanagh—though that man had been my bosom friend—he should have expiated his falsehood with his life:—Had any other *woman* breathed a breath of slander on her—her husband or her father should have atoned for the fault:—For yourself, Miss Clifton—you shall retract your words, before ever I shall call you wife!"

This roused her passion to ungovernable fury. Turning ghastly white, while the light seemed to leap from her eyes, she exclaimed, in a low, deep, intense tone—

"DEATH, sir! Do you threaten me? Insult me in my father's house? Leave it! You are unworthy to stand upon its floor! BEGONE!" And reaching out her hand, she seized the bell cord, and rang a peal that presently brought a servant to the door. The advent of a third party, though that party was a menial, constrained the lady to remember herself. Miss Clifton was her cold, serene, dignified self again. Turning to the servant, she said, haughtily—"Show Captain Clifton to the front door, and bring round his horse, instantly. He returns to Hardbargain, to-night." And she bowed to Clifton, and calmly and imperiously walked from the room.

The man stood waiting and bowing. Captain Clifton snatched his hat, saying—

"Let my horse be brought round, without delay, Dandy—and tell your master, when he returns, that he shall hear from me at Hardbargain."

When the man had bowed and retired, Captain Clifton passed out through the open leaf of the window, into the piazza, and thence down into the lawn, to speak to Frank, who was just entering from the garden with Mrs. Clifton on his arm.

Georgia saw at a glance, that her train of gunpowder had caught, and the magazine had blown up, and her dark, beautiful, demoniac, witching face lighted up with a lurid joy for one unguarded instant, and then all was self-recollection, self-control, and sweet, smooth, serene, alluring glamour.

Bowing deeply to Mrs. Clifton, he said,

"Madam, an unexpected event sends me from Clifton this evening. Pray make my adieus to my uncle and cousin. And permit me to commend my friend here to your hospitable care until such time as he pleases to become my guest at Hardbargain—if, indeed, he will not ride thither with me to-night," he added, turning to Frank.

Fairfax was too surprised to speak.

Mrs. Clifton, who was not surprised at all, yet affected much interest, said, archly,

"Oh, but we shall see you back very early to-morrow morning!"

"I regret to add, madam, that it is not likely," he said, with another bow; then turning to Frank, he asked,

"Will you ride with me to-night, Fairfax?"

Frank glanced at the lady on his arm, and then looking rebukingly at Clifton, begged to be excused.

"Well, then, you are my guest, Fairfax, and my mother has often pressed you to give her a few weeks of your company. Join me at Hardbargain as soon as possible—the sooner the better. To-morrow even—"

"*To-morrow!*" archly smiled the wily lady. "*To-morrow*, I fancy, his attendance and your own will be required *here*. Do you *forget?*—Well, that is the worst instance of absence of mind I ever saw or heard of! A young bridegroom to forget, for an instant, his wedding-day! Too bad, even *for you*, the notoriously-absent-minded Archer Clifton!"

Not wishing to enter into explanations, Captain Clifton merely replied with another bow,—a most convenient, safe and polite manner of answer, since, without lack of courtesy, it committed nothing.

Then, taking leave of both lady and gentleman, and repeating his invitation to Frank, he turned and went to take his horse from the servant that held it, threw himself up into the saddle, and, with a parting wave of his hat, rode away at full speed.

"Clifton looks darkly—what can be the matter?" asked Frank.

"Oh, nothing! probably Mrs. Clifton, of Hardbargain, has been troubled with some refractory servant, and has sent for her son to come up and reduce him to order—or possibly there may be some dispute or difficulty in settling the demands of the hired harvest hands. They are often even dishonest in their extortions."

"Deferring to your better judgment, madam, still, I fear not! I think such trifles would scarcely have raised so dark a thunder-cloud upon Clifton's brow," said Frank.

"Oh, well! At worst it is but some lover's quarrel with his most exacting queen, Carolyn!" playfully replied the lady.

Frank was not satisfied—he was pained. This most dangerous dark beauty fascinated and frightened him by turns. He had never seen the fiend in her face since that first night, and her witching power had almost erased the remembrance of it from his mind. Indeed, if he had ever recollected it, it was with wonder and remorse that he should have ever read such fearful meaning in a lady's frown, and he ascribed it to the phantasmagoria of his own fatigued nerves and over-excited brain. But now he felt vaguely anxious, suspicious, foreboding—he scarce knew wherefore. He had no reason to reply to the lady again, for at the instant she finished speaking, the carriages drove into the yard, bringing the company from Hardbargain, and they walked forward to welcome them home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Selected Sketch.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

Or, The Story of Don Alphonso de Melos and the Jeweller's Daughter.

FROM "LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL."

Don Alphonso de Melos, a young gentleman of some five-and-twenty years of age, was the son of one of those titulados of Castile, more proud than rich, of whom it was maliciously said, that "before they were made lords they didn't dine; and after they were made lords they didn't sup." He was, however, a very good kind of man, not too poor to give his sons good educations; and of his second son, Alphonso, the richest grandee might have been proud: for a better or pleasanter youth, or one of greater good sense, conventionalism apart, had never ventured his life in a bull-fight, which he had done half-a-dozen times. He was, moreover, a very pretty singer; and it was even said that he not only composed the music for his serenades, but that he wrote verses for them equal to those of Garcilaso. So, at least, thought the young lady to whom they were sent, and who used to devour them with her eyes, till her very breath failed her, and she could not speak for delight.

Poor, loving Lucinda! We call her poor, though she was at that minute one of the richest as well as happiest maidens in Madrid; and we speak of her as a young lady, for such she was in breeding and manners, and as such the very grandees treated her, as far as they could, though she was only the daughter of a famous jeweller, who had supplied half the great people with carcanets and rings. Her father was dead; her mother, too; she was under the care of guardians; but Alphonso de Melos had loved her more than a year; had loved her with real love, even though he wanted her money; would, in fact, have thrown her money to the dogs, rather than have ceased to love her; such a treasure he had found in the very fact of his passion. Their marriage was to take place within the month; and as the lady was so rich, and the lover, however noble otherwise, was only of the lowest or least privileged order of nobility, (a class who had the misfortune of not being able to wear their hats in the King's presence, unless his Majesty expressly desired it,) the loftiest grandees, who would have been but too happy to marry the lovely heiress, had her father been anything but a merchant, thought that the match was not only pardonable in the young gentleman, but in sort of way noticeable, and even in some measure to be smilingly winked at and encouraged; nay, perhaps, envied; especially as the future husband was generous, and had a turn for making presents, and for sitting at the head of the festive table. Suddenly, therefore, appeared some of the finest emeralds and sapphires in the world upon the fingers of counts and marquises, whose jewels had hitherto been of doubtful value; and no little sensation was made on the gravest and most dignified of the old nobility, by a certain grandee, remarkable for his sense of the proprieties, who had discovered "serious reasons for thinking" that the supposed jeweller's offspring was a natural daughter of a late prince of the blood.

Be this as it may, Don Alphonso presented himself one morning, as usual, before his mistress, and after an interchange of transports, such as may be imagined between two such lovers about to be joined forever, informed her, only one thing more was now remaining to be done, and then—in the course of three mornings—they would be living in the same house.

"And what is that?" said Lucinda, the tears rushing into her eyes for excess of adoring happiness.

"Only the bull-fight," said the lover, affecting as much indifference as he could affect in any thing when speaking with his eyes on hers. But he could not speak it in quite the tone he wished.

"The bull-fight!" scarcely ejaculated his mistress, turning pale. "Oh, Alphonso! you have fought and conquered in a dozen; and you will not quit me, now that we can be so often together! Besides—" And here her breath began already to fail her.

But Alphonso showed her, or tried to show her, how he must inevitably attend the bull-fight. Honor demanded it; custom, every thing that was expected of him: his mistress, who would otherwise despise him.

His mistress fainted away. She fell, a death-like burden, into his arms.

When she came to herself, she wept, entreated, implored, tried even with pathetic gaiety to rally and be pleasant; then again wept; then argued, and for the first time in her life was a logician, pressing his hand, and saying, with a sudden force of conviction, "But hear me;" then begged again, then kissed him like a bride, reposed on him like a wife, did everything that was becoming and beautiful, and said everything but an angry word; nay, would have dared, perhaps, to pretend to say even that, had she thought of it; but she was not of an angry kind, or of any kind but the loving, and how was the thought to enter her head? Entire love is a worship, and cannot be angry.

The heart of the lover openly and tenderly sympathized with that of his poor mistress; and secretly it felt even more than it showed. Not that Don Alphonso feared for consequences, though he had not been without pangs and thoughts of possibilities, even in regard to these; for, to say nothing of the danger of the sport in ordinary, the chief reason of his being unpersuadable in the present instance, was a report that the animals to be encountered were of more than ordinary ferocity; so that the cavalleros who were expected to be foremost in the lists in general, now felt themselves to be particularly called on to make their appearance, at the hazard of an alternative too dreadful for the greatest valor to risk.

The fine argument which he used with his mistress, was the very excess of that love, and the very position in which it stood at that bridal moment, to which he in vain appealed. He showed how it had ever and irremediably been the custom to estimate the fighter's love by the measure of his courage; the more apparent the risk, (for he pretended to laugh at any real danger) the greater the evidence of passion and the honor done to the lady; and so, after many more words and tears, the honor was to be done accordingly, grievously against her will, and custom triumphed. Custom! That "little thing," as the people called it to the philosopher. "That great and terrible thing," as the philosopher justly thought it. To show how secure he was, and how securer still it would render him, he made her promise to be there; and she required very little asking, for a thought came into her head, which made her pray with secret and sudden earnestness to the Virgin; and the same thought enabled her to give him final looks, not only of resigned lovingness, but of a sort of cheered composure; for, now that she saw that there was no remedy, she would not make the worst of his resolve, and so they parted.

How differently from when they met!—and how dreadfully to be again brought together!

The day has arrived; the great square has been duly set out; the sand to receive the blood is spread over it; the barricades and balconies (the boxes) are all right; the King and his nobles are there; Don Alphonso and his Lucinda are there also; he, in his place in the square on horseback, with his attendants behind him, and the door out of which the bull is to come, in front; she where he will behold her before long, though not in the box to which he has been raising his eyes. All the gentlemen who are to fight the bulls, each in his turn, and who, like Alphonso, are dressed in black, with plumes of white feathers on their heads, and scarfs of different colors round the body, have ridden round the lists a quarter-of-an-hour ago, to salute the ladies of their acquaintance, and all is still and waiting; the whole scene is gorgeous with tapestries and gold and jewels. It is a theatre in which pomp and pleasure are sitting in a thousand human shapes to behold a cruel spectacle.

The trumpets sound; crashes of other music succeed; the door of the stable opens, and the noble creature, the bull, makes his appearance, standing still awhile, and looking, as it were, with confused composure before him. Sometimes, when the animal first comes forth, it rushes after the horseman who has opened the door, and who has rushed away from the mood in which it has shown itself. But the bull on this occasion was one that, from the very perfection of his strength, awaited provoking. He soon has it. Light, agile footmen, who are there on purpose, vex him with darts and arrows garnished with paper set on fire. He begins by pursuing them hither and thither, they escaping by all the arts of cloaks and hats, thrown on the ground, and deceiving figures of pasteboard. Soon he is irritated extremely; he stoops his sullen head to toss; he raises it; with his eyes on fire, to kick and tremble; he bellows, he rages, he grows mad. His breath gathers like a thick mist about him. He gallops, amidst cries of men and women, frantically around the square, like a racer, following and followed by his tormentors; he tears the horses with his horns; he disembowels them; he tosses the howling dogs that are let loose on him; he leaps and shivers in the air, like a very stag or goat. His huge body is nothing to him in the rage and might of his agony.

For Alphonso, who had purposely got in his way to shorten his Lucinda's misery, (knowing her surely to be there, though he had never seen her,) he gashed the bull across the eyes with his sword, and pierced him twice with the javelins furnished him by his attendants. Half blinded by the blood, and yet rushing at him, it would seem, with sure and final aim of his dreadful head, the creature is just upon him, when a blow from a negro who is helping one of the pages, turns him distractedly in that new direction, and he strikes down, not the negro, but the youthful, and in truth wholly frightened and helpless page. The page in falling, loses his cap, from which flows a profusion of woman's hair, and Alphonso knows it on the instant. He leaps off his horse, and would have shrieked, would have roared out with horror; but something which seemed to wrench and twist round his very being within him, prevented it, and in a sort of stifled and meek voice, he could only sobbingly articulate the word "Lucinda!" But in an instant, he rose out of that self-pity into frenzy; he hacked wildly at the bull, which was now spinning as wildly round; and though the assembly rose, crying out, and the king bade the brute be despatched, which was done by a thrust in the spine by those who knew the trick, (ah! why did they not do it before?) the poor youth has fallen, not far from his Lucinda, gored alike with herself to death, though neither of them yet expiring.

As recovery was pronounced hopeless, and the deaths of the lovers close at hand, they were both carried into the nearest house, and laid, as the nature of the place required, on the same bed. And, indeed, as it turned out, nothing could be more fitting. Great and sorrowful was the throng in the room. Some of the greatest nobles were there, and sorrowing message was brought from the King. Had the lovers been princes their poor insensible faces could not have been watched with greater pity and respect.

At length they opened their eyes, one after the other, to wonder—to suffer—to discover each other where they lay—and to weep from abundance of wretchedness, and from the difficulty of speaking. They attempted to make a movement towards each other, but could not even raise an arm. Lucinda tried to speak, but could only sigh and attempt to smile. Don Alphonso said at last, half sobbing, looking with his languid eyes on her kind and patient face—"She does not reproach me, even now."

They both wept afresh at this, but his mistress looked at him with such unutterable love and fondness, making at the same time some little ineffectual movement of her hand, that the good old Duke de Linares said, "She wishes to put her arm around him; and he, too—see—his arm over her." Tenderly, and with the softest caution, were their arms put, accordingly; and then, in spite of their anguish, the good Duke said, "Marry them yet." And the priest opened his book, and as well as he could speak for sympathy, or they seem to answer to his words, he married them, and then—in a few moments, from excess of mingled agony and joy, with their arms on one another, and smiling as they shut their eyes—their spirits passed away, and they died.

Original Sketch.

A CHAPTER ON LOUIS NAPOLEON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Probably no individual has ever occupied a more brilliant and at the same time precarious station, than that now filled by the Prince-President of France. A few years since he was of no more account than a hundred other fashionable young men, who might be seen at the London clubs or theatres, apparently careless of aught save the pursuit of present amusement. His previous life had been somewhat checkered. Born of the ill-assorted marriage between Louis and Hortense, he inherited something of the former's [illegible] with the erratic disposition of the latter. He was brought up in Switzerland—and is first known in active life by the part he took in the Italian insurrection of 1831, which, being unsuccessful, occasioned a decree of exile from Italy to be passed against the nephews of Napoleon. He sought refuge in France—but Louis Philippe denied it, and finally he became a citizen of the canton of Thurgovia in Switzerland, where he remained till October 30, 1836, when he signalized himself by his celebrated Strasburg attempt. On that day—it is nearly sixteen years since—Monsieur Napoleon *le petit* appeared suddenly before the commandant of Strasburg, on the frontiers of France, and tried to play *Napoleon le grand*, returning from Elba. He had donned a uniform closely resembling that of the "little corporal," and, attended by Colonel Vaudrey, and a few officers whom he had gained over, presented himself with, as he said, the "sword of Austerlitz" in one hand, and "the Emperor's will" in the other.

But it would not do? France refused to budge; so did the commandant; so did the army. Consequently, "le Prince" was unceremoniously arrested, and bundled out of the country.

He was brought in a French ship to the United States—but shortly afterwards went to England, and there remained comparatively quiet, till August, 1840, when his second abortive attempt against the French Government was made. Previous to this ill-managed affair, the Prince had lived at a very high rate in London, as his many creditors, it is said, remember to their cost, even now. He gave suppers to his friends at the house of Mrs. ——, whose relations to the young schemer were made the means of attaching several reckless young men to his fortunes. At those suppers, when the wine had circulated freely, and Mrs. —— was in her most fascinating humor, the subject of French revolution was always brought in, and many were the half-drunken protestations and resolves with which the Prince's projects were received by his pliant companions—principally, penniless young gentlemen of the law, under-editors, and enthusiastic artists and refugees. At this time, there is little doubt, the future President knew what he was about, as did his female decoy-duck. But the time came for the enterprise to chip its shell; and so it happened that one fine morning, he embarked with Count Montholon, General Voisin, and fifty-three other persons, on board an English steamer, and set out to invade France. Landing at Boulogne, he marched his company to the monument called the *Colonne de Napoleon*, on the hill above the town, and there planted a tri-color. Then he took a live eagle, very tame, which he had brought from England with him, and made it eat out of his hand. This was intended to have a great effect upon the people; but it did not. They arrested the poor Prince, and deposited him safely in prison in less than three hours after his landing. Afterwards the unlucky pretender was shut up in the fortress of Ham, where he remained six years, and then escaped in disguise. He remained quiet after this, till the late revolution, when the *prestige* of his uncle's name raised him to the *First Presidency* of France; at which time he took the following oath:

"In the presence of God, and before the French People, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfill all the duties which the Constitution imposes on me!"

The next we hear of Louis Napoleon concerns his slaughtering two thousand men, women, and children in the streets of Paris, his shooting French citizens in the *Departments;* destroying the liberty of speech and of the press; imprisoning and exiling the noblest men of France; reviving the guillotine; sequestrating the Orleans estates; and performing several other truly Napoleonic acts.

He is no longer the Prisoner of Ham, nor the Exile. No, indeed! *Nous avons changé tout cela!* Times have altered. Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte visits Strasburg again; no adventurer now; no make-belief Emperor; but President, Dictator, Autocrat of France and all her liberties. What a progress is this! the great Strasburg Railway is a continuous triumphal arch. Cities and towns pour forth their delegations, their congratulatory addresses.—The vintners of Champaigne, the peasants of Alsatia and Lorraine, the old republicans of Strasburg, and their neighbors the German borderers, all unite in homage to the Ruler of the French. "*Vive le President!*" "*Vive Napoleon!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" How the crowd shouts, and flings up its thousand arms! How the drums beat and trumpets blare, and fireworks, banners, illuminations, blaze in a continuous panorama. The adventurer of Strasburg is rewarded. He has played the fool Brutus and the tyrant Nero to some purpose, after all. The blood of the *coup d'etat* and the galleys, prisons, and colonies, have not been without their effect. "Order reigns in Warsaw."—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"

What is this man? Young in years, he is old in debauchery and crime! A voluptuary by nature, a trickster, a boaster, he has been at all times. His present position is not more his own work than was the dreadful eminence of Robespierre the result of that strange man's endeavors. Louis Napoleon is the fool of fortune. His leading trait is recklessness, the gambler's courage. He staked his life at Strasburg and Boulogne. He did no more with the *coup d'etat*. He made up his mind from the first to expect death; evading it as long as possible. He knows the sword is suspended by a horse-hair above him; but unlike Damocles, he eats and sleeps under it; and his digestion suffers not. Is this bravery? No! It is Turkish

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

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"THE SPIRITS."

STEAMBOAT RUNNERS.

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INTERVENTION IN CHINA.

A NEW CANDIDATE.

DO STEAMBOATS RACE?

HISTORIANS AGAIN.

A VOICE OF BULLS.

THE STRIPED PIG.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

London, July 16th, 1852.

A CORSICAN HUSBAND.

... hills of Hampshire.

Within half-an-hour the mail leaves. Adieu,
SURREY.

New Publications.

PIERRE OR THE AMBIGUITIES. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The author of "Typee" has, in the present work, entered a different field of romance, and a sufficiently mystic one, too, albeit the scene is laid in our matter-of-fact country. Pierre Glendenning's rhapsodies will satisfy the most ultramarine young lady that has ever sighed for a "true-blue lover; and if Gœthe does not interfere to claim the paternity of the Mephistophelian philosophy scattered through these "ambiguous" pages, Mr. Melville will stamp himself an American supernaturalist, worthy of apotheosis by some future De Wette. Pierre and Lucy, in truth, cast Faust and Margaret completely in the shade. Listen to a description, oh, reader, of a "blue lady."

Wondrous fair of face, blue-eyed and golden-haired, the bright blonde, Lucy, was arrayed in colors harmonious with the heavens. Light blue be thy perpetual color, Lucy; light blue becomes thee best—such the repeated azure counsel of Lucy Tartan's mother. On both sides, from the hedges, came to Pierre the clover bloom of Saddle Meadows, and from Lucy's mouth and cheek came the fresh fragrance of her violet young being.

"Smell I the flowers, or thee?" cried Pierre.

"See I lakes, or eyes?" cried Lucy, her own gazing down into his soul, as two stars gaze down into a tarn.

But Pierre and Lucy go out to ride; not like common mortals, but Phœbus-like, cloud-borne, rainbow-arched, sunbeam-wrapt. Here is a divine excursion! Here are a brace of lovers worthy to be sung by Petrarch! *Oyez!* come into court, Pierre and Lucy!

And this self-same morning Pierre was very mystical; not continually, though; but most mystical one moment, and overflowing with wed, unbridled merriment the next. He seemed a youthful Magian, and almost a mountebank together. Chaldaic improvisations burst from him, in quick Golden Verses, on the heel of humorous retort and repartee. ...

SERIALS.

Clippings.

OUR NOVELISTS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

CLARA MORELAND.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
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OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 2d August, the House met at the usual hour, and the Senate's amendment to the bill granting pre-emption to actual settlers on the line of the Central Railroad, was concurred in.

[illegible]

General News.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the steamship Pacific, we have foreign dates to the 28th ult.

ENGLAND.—The elections are now over, with the exception of five vacancies still to be filled, namely, Orkney and Wick, in Scotland, and Tyrone and Donegal, in Ireland.

The Globe sets down the number at:—Liberals, 329; Derby D'Israelites, 299; doubtful, 26. The Morning Chronicle:—Ministerialists, 290; Whigs and more advanced Liberals, 316; Liberal Conservatives, or Peelites, between 50 and 60. The Shipping Gazette (from the Times) gives the following estimate, which is probably as nearly accurate as may be:—

	Ministerialists.	Opposition.	Total
England and Wales,	273	223	496
Scotland,	20	31	51
Ireland,	32	47	79
Members returned,	325	301	626

MORE RIOTS IN IRELAND.—The Irish papers teem with accounts of riots. Deplorable scenes have taken place at the election in County Clare, South of Ireland. The military were called out, and several lives sacrificed.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Local News.

EXECUTION OF SKUPINSKI.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained at the following places:

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 7.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

BIGELOW'S ALTERATIVE,

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$300,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

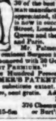
HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Located in Filbert Street, above Eleventh,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE Lectures of the regular course will commence on the second Monday of October, and continue until the first of March ensuing.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey's Lady's Book for July is received.

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

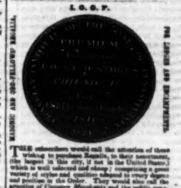


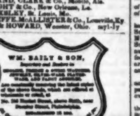
LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

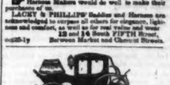
SICK AND AFFLICTED READ.
SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.





CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

LOUDEN & CO.,



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
And pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat him down on the grassy bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail,
By the well-side he rested it down,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"Or if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For if she has, I'll venture my life,
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."

"I left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray thee answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well;
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on its waters a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Alas, for the husband then!"
The traveller stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of its waters again.

"You drank of the water, I warrant, betimes,"
He to the countryman said,
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch;
But faith! she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church!"

Selected Articles.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S USE OF WORDS.

FROM "TRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS."

NO. IV.

[illegible]

THE MORMON CITY.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

HOW TO GET A BERTH.

[illegible]

A TOUGH STORY.

[illegible]

A PARODY—THE SEA.

[illegible]

Dinner Scene.

JUVENILE ANXIETY.

Fat Boy.—"Mommy! I feel like my jacket was buttoned up!—an' it ain't!"

ON A CONTRARY WIFE.

A waggish chap, whose vixen wife
By drowning lost her precious life,
Called out his neighbors all around,
And told 'em that his spouse was drowned,
And, spite of search, could not be found.
He knew, he said, the very nook
Where she had tumbled in the brook,
And he had dragged along the shore
Above the place a mile or more,
"*Above the place!*" the people cried;
"Why, what d'ye mean?" The man replied:
"Of course, you don't suppose I'd go
And waste the time to look *below?*
I've known the woman quite a spell,
And learnt her fashions pretty well—
Alive or dead, she'd go, I vow,
Against the cu rent, any how."

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED.

A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, and "full of grit," ready to spend all they had, rather than give up beat—The affair had been carefully examined, and the Court was "in a quandary," not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before his honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair. Said Patrick,

"Timothy Maguire, now ye say the coat belongs to yerself intirely; I say it is me own—Now, mind ye, Timothy, the both iv us will take the coat an' look it all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy. "And ye'll stick to the bargain?"

"To be sure," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick, saying, in a triumphant manner,

"And now let us see if ye can be findin' the likes iv yer own name upon the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the agrament," said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.

"Upon the honor iv a man," was Timothy's reply.

"Then howld on a bit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife, and opening a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming, as he held them out in his hand—

"There—d'ye see that?"

"Yes; but what iv that?" said Timothy.

"A divil a dale it has to do wid it; it is me name, to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Powers, be jabers."

He got the coat, he did.—*N. O. Delta.*

DANGER OF KNEELING TO LADIES.—One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry, is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature, and very fat. One day, being alone with the beautiful Madam de Crouzas, he dropped on his knee before her, and made a declaration of love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you, rise." Mr. Gibbon still kept his posture. "Mr. Gibbon, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas, madam," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madam de Crouzas rang the bell, and said to her servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

☞ "Whur-rah! Whoop!" howled out a brawny Hibernian on St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, as he brandished a huge shillelah and leaped into the air. "Twelve o'clock almost, and not a blow shtruck yet! Ah, who will say *paice?* Uv you wud say *paice,*" said he to a slighter specimen of humanity.

"Wall," said the other, frightened, but ashamed to show it, "uv I wud?"

"Bah! ye're a boy," said the fighter, turning from him with contempt. "Five pound to the man who will say *paice* to me!"

"Beins!" (beans) said one, to banter him.

"Whur-rah! *Beins*, is it? That's near enough!" And whack went the sprig of shillelah, and there was an Irish row, about noon.—*Yankee Blade.*

Miscellaneous.

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.

Dickens thus describes a visit to the Powder Mill of Hounslow, near London:

"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work-places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where, indeed, no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are secreted upwards of two hundred and fifty work people. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature, in most cases, but by the habit of years. The circumstances of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulation, have subdued their minds and feelings to the conditions of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrible explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and acts as a constant warning. Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits, ever transpire; no witticisms, no oaths, no chaffing, or slang. A laugh is never heard, a smile is seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that any one fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion, or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued.

"If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or to ask for anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there; he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence, whenever a shout does occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running toward it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded. An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time (for a man might be drowning in the river), that might cause one or two of the boldest to return, but this would be a rare occurrence. It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other, as well as for their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of the property at stake at all times, and more especially in all the more dangerous "houses." The proprietors of the various gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is discovered by one, it is immediately communicated to all the others. The wages of the men are good, and the hours very short; no artificial lights are ever used in the works. They all wash themselves—black, white, and bronze—and leave the mills at half-past three in the afternoon, winter and summer."

☞ The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than of clothes.

THE LITTLE PAUPER.

The day was gloomy and chill. At a freshly opened grave stood a delicate little girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love; "fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell ye; I don't see how you're going to whether it. Guess I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fotherbee's, she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark it won't do any good."

Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another, and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fotherbee, attired in a gay colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket-handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece, and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye?" said Mrs. Fotherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling around; come here and have 'em cut off, they don't look proper for a charity child," (and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fotherbees.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said—"Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sisters; please don't," said she, beseechingly.

"But I tell you I *do* please to cut 'em, so there's an end of that," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do for creation sake, stop talking about 'dead folks;' and now eat your breakfast, if you want it; I forgot you hadn't had any—there's some of the children's left; if you are hungry, it will go down—and if you ain't you can go without."

Poor Allie! The daintiest morsel wouldn't have "gone down;" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out—"I must cry if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y t-i-t-y! what's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table; "what is all this, Mrs. Fotherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles, as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here but to tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and make the beds, and tidy the kitchen, and go a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jimmy's heart was as big as his farm, (and that covered considerable ground,) glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully—"That child is going to be sick, Mrs. Fotherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you; you'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough already; I'll give her a quit claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidingly in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm around her, to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavement. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. (Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town;) and then we'll see what sweet hay fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you—you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "Well, never mind; I wish I hadn't asked you; I'm always running my head agin a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow? or ride on top a hay-cart? or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples? and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair, child? have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fotherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old sarpent! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns were playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you.

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you!

"Look here, Betsey! do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith or kin. I've brought her from that old skinflint of a Fotherbee's, and here she is; if you like her it's well and good, and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same; but I know you will," said he, coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm around her capacious waist; "and now get her something, that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets! A tear lingered on her cheek, but it's birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he "harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

"GOT ANY CHANGE."—Not long since, a child accidentally fell from the steamer Maid of Erin, lying at a wharf in Eastport, and would have been drowned, had not a gentleman standing by jumped overboard and saved it. "Got any change, got any change?" cried the father of the child, after all were safe, bustling among the bystanders, with great anxiety depicted on his countenance, and a three dollar bill in his hand, "Got any change? I want to give this man a dollar for saving the life of my child."

THE GOOD MAN'S REVENGE.

[illegible]

A LONDON BOY.

[illegible]

AN ENGLISH INN.

[illegible]

For the Young.

MECHANICAL ACTION.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

TO HAVE A GOOD HORSE.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

DEVOTED

VOLUME

Choice Poe

A DIRGE.

Original No

THE CURSE OF CL

EXPIATION AND RED